

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

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LISTEN

THE PROGRESSIVE AGE in which we live and flourish demands—
**ENERGY,
PLUCK,
ACTIVITY,
AND BOTTOM PRICES!**
If you will visit our Store you will see a combination of all the above, with a few other things that are calculated to make competitors "Get up and Dust" to keep in sight. We can and will shake the bottom out of any prices you can get elsewhere. We'll tell you the "Good Old Honest Truth" about every article we sell you.

**We Pay Cash for every Dollars' worth you Buy,
And Give You the Benefit Every Time.**

**Don't Believe a word we Say.
BUT COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.**

**JOHN M. HUBBARD & BRO.,
Next to Farmers and Merchants Bank, Anderson, S. C.**

AT AND BELOW COST!

HAVING determined to close out our Mercantile Business in order to devote our entire time and attention to the Cotton Business, we now offer our entire Stock of—

**Dry Goods, Hats, Shoes, Notions and Clothing,
REGARDLESS OF COST.**

Read some of these prices:
Best Calicoes 5c. per yard.
Felted Shirting 4c. per yard.
Checks 4c. per yard.
Blankets \$7.00 per pair.
Hats 10c. up.
Shoes—Womens' Balmorals—50c.
Mens' Brogans 85c.
Mens' Boots \$1.25.
Mens' Overcoats \$1.50 and upward.

These are a few of the leading articles. We cannot begin to enumerate the BARGAINS we offer.

**We Have a Full Stock of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS**

That we are selling AT COST. There are ONE THOUSAND BARRELS OF FLOUR in Stock that must go, if Cost Prices will sell them. And then there are

ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOBACCO

That it will pay every cawer in Anderson County to examine.

Sugar at Cost!

Coffee at Cost!

Soda at 3c. per lb.!

And Everything Else at COST!

BROWN BROS.

No. 21, 1889

HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTMAS!

ONE CAR LOAD OF

TOYS AND CHRISTMAS GOODS

JUST RECEIVED, containing everything ever sold in Anderson, and lots of things never seen in this market before. PRICES ARE LOWER than you ever heard of before. Come and see for yourselves.

TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF CANDY

On hand, and you know it must be sold. My twenty Clerks will be ready at all times to show you through this immense Stock. See me before you buy.

BEST CIGARS ever sold. Fresh CITRUS, RAISINS and CURRANTS.

One Hundred Boxes Fire Crackers

And other Fireworks in proportion ready for Santa Claus.

Don't forget the place. Look for Sign—"Headquarters for Christmas Goods!"

Nov 21, 1889

G. M. TOLLY.

McGEE & LIGON,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS,

OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to parties buying our Original Packages. We require the SPOT CASH, and sell Goods CHEAPER than ever known.

LARGE LOT OF

FANCY GROCERIES

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Agents for W. P. Harvey & Co., of Chicago, Short Ribs.

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO'S.

INVITATION!

We extend a cordial invitation to any of our Friends who come to the City to call in and see us. They certainly owe it to themselves to let no chance pass to buy their Merchandise Right!!

We have a Full Line of

STAPLE AND SEASONABLE GOODS!

PRESENT indications warrant the belief that a large Fall trade will be realized, and we have never before since our start in business used more caution in buying and selecting our stock. Discounting every dollar's worth of goods that come into our house, whether it be Groceries or Dry Goods, which enables to meet any and all competition.

Come, in then, and you will find us with our hands out of our pockets. Come in, and if we don't give you cause to congratulate yourselves, why, we'll apologize, for we are here to do business, and whatever is not right we will make right.

With thanks for past patronage, we remain,
Respectfully yours,

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications, intended for this column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

We would like to impress upon teachers the great value of training the children to give expression to their thoughts by writing some kind of a composition every day, either a letter or something else. Have them select subjects such as they comprehend, and write letters about their own little simple pleasures and troubles. There will be mistakes in them, but ease of expression will be gained, and the mistakes will gradually disappear as they make progress.

Teachers should try to impress upon their pupils in all possible ways the axiomatic truth that knowledge is power, and that they should seek knowledge not only for the purpose of advancing themselves, but for the opportunity it brings of serving others. As a rule the educated men and women of the country constitute its conservative force, and their influence in elevating the standard of law and morals cannot be estimated. In the last hundred years the college graduates have been only one-half of one per cent. of the men of the country, and yet they have held fifty-eight per cent. of the offices of our Government, have exercised a molding and controlling influence not only in laying the foundations of our institutions, but in rearing the whole structure of the Government.

Teachers should be instructors in morals. They should remember that they are responsible not only for the physical and intellectual, but also for the moral training of their pupils, and to this end they should remember that personal example counts for everything, precept for but little. The stream will rise no higher than its source, is certainly true in morals. A pupil may make a better mathematician or grammarian than the teacher, but he will not be apt to be better in morals than what he sees the teacher to be day by day. You can not force a pupil to be moral, but you can lead him, you can persuade him, you can show him that it is to his advantage to do the right. A boy gets into a tight place and he sees that a lie will get him out of it; he does not see that it is only a temporary advantage, only an expedient, and he tells the lie. Now, how will the teacher proceed? Bring the boy up before the whole school and expose him and brand him as a liar. By no means. You would only make that boy's next time, and he would not be so easily caught. He would think that his mistake was not in telling that lie, but in allowing himself to be caught. Show to the school that you know who the liar is without indicating who. Brand the crime in such a way without branding the criminal that it will lead to confession, and then conscience will commend the act as right, and he will feel that he never wants to lie again.

We had the pleasure last week of spending a couple of hours with Miss Leona Hubbard's Home School. Miss Hubbard has greatly increased her facilities for accommodating her increasing patronage by building another room, and employing another teacher, Miss Daisy Brown, the whole under her personal supervision and direction. In addition to this she has made arrangements with Doctor S. M. Orr to deliver a course of twenty-five lectures on Physiology, Hygiene and Anatomy, and it is delightful and wonderful to see the eager interest manifested by the least pupils in her school in the subjects the Doctor talks about, and he uses plain, untechnical language that can be comprehended by anybody. The day we were there his subject was "the blood and its circulation," and he gave the children a practical object lesson with a beef's heart, showing before their eyes all the chambers and valves of the heart, tracing the course of the blood through the heart, and showing it also by diagram on the board. This is a practical and a valuable feature added to this school, which has been growing year by year until it has become one of the fixtures of the city. A good school is a growth, the accretions of years, the result of the time and thought and labor of the best years of the teacher, and in this case the teacher has been making her school a special study and fitting herself during her vacations for greater usefulness in the school room.

Where the Apostles are Buried.

All that now remains of the Apostles of Christ are in the following places: Peter is in Rome—namely: Peter, Paul, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. Three are in the Kingdom of Naples: Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi, and Thomas at Ortona. One is in Spain, James the Greater, whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the body of St. John, the evangelist, the remaining one of the twelve, there is no knowledge. The evangelist Mark and Luke are also buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua.

St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter, is of course, buried in the church at Rome, which bears his name, as are also Simon and Jude.

James the Lesser's remains are in the Church of the Holy Apostles. Bartholomew's is in the church on the island in the Tiber which bears his name. Matthias's remains are said to be under the great altar of the renowned Basilica. Little faith, however, is placed in the legend.

The following is an extract from a real composition written by a small boy in New Jersey. The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "Mac." Here is what the small boy wrote: "Mac is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache. The nose is to get sniffling with. A man's body is split half way up, and he walks on the split end."

It has been estimated that the habit of using opium enters in the United States number 600,000.

BILL ARP.

Philosopher Arp on the Negro Race.

Atlanta Constitution.

We see that the negroes have called a great national convention to meet in Nashville, and their purpose is announced. They are going to demand more rights and more money. They want representation in the courts as judges and jurors and attorneys; they want to be members of the legislatures in proportion to their numbers as compared with the whites; they have revived the old revolutionary war cry of taxation without representation; they demand a more liberal division of the public lands, the abolition of lynch law, and more consideration from railroads and steamboats and the hotels.

All this would be very funny if these negroes were not backed up by northern philanthropy and fanaticism. The white race of the South are not in the least alarmed about these demands, but it does trouble us to know that so many of our northern brethren are still pleading their malice or their fanaticism about the negro. It is pithy all understanding. If they showed the same kind consideration for the Indian or the Chinaman, or the Mexican or the negro in Haiti, or St. Domingo or Africa, we could understand them and apologize for them, but they do not. In fact, they show more pity for the southern negro than for the poor and the distressed at their own doors. A young man from our town writes from Massachusetts that a collection was taken up last Sunday in the church that attended for the poor oppressed negroes of the south. He says that everybody thinks that way, and there is no use talking to them. They believe that we have got the negro down in the dust of misery and despair—white beads on black necks—and they would rejoice to see the picture reversed. Sometimes a New England man strays off and ventures down south, and our climate or our mineral treasures or something else induces him to stay and risk his life among us, and the longer he stays the better he likes us, and after while he gets acquainted with us and with our negroes too, and writes back to his kindred very favorable letters and tells how the southern darkey is the happiest and most contented creature upon the earth, and his own kindred won't believe him and will sigh and say "poor Tom, they are fooling him awfully," and if poor Tom falls in love with one of our girls and marries her they are horrified and say "well, the devil has got Tom now, sure enough." This is a fact—I know it to be so—my own father married and lived here over fifty years, and he was never able to convince his own yankee kindred but what he had bartered his conscience away for a curse and had the sin of slavery resting on his soul. One by one his brothers came out and a sister and married here and lived and died here, and all fell into line, and those who got rich enough to buy negroes bought them, and so did all the other yankees who came south half a century ago. The fact is, a New England yankee can come down here and live with our people until he becomes a very sensible and a very clever sort of a man. Long association with good people has a wonderful effect upon folks. Even the yankee school marm who came down in a sort of missionary way with an eye to business did not teach long, for our widowers picked them up and married them, and they soon fell into line and could make a darkey step around with alacrity. It is the funniest thing in the world to notice the deportment of a fresh northern man to our negroes when he first lands among us, and to notice the change that comes over him by degrees as he becomes acquainted with the peculiar institution. The negro don't care a cent for his pity nor his politeness. The negro had just as leave be called Joe or Jack, as Mr. Johnson or Mr. Jackson. If he gives the darkey a dime the darkey has no feeling of gratitude about it, but is like one of our chaps when he was small. His grandmother sent him some ginger-cakes, and his mother asked him what message he was going to send back to her and he replied, with his mouth full: "Tell her to send me some more." Not long ago a northern man, who was as kind and clever as he could be, hired about fifty negroes to dig in his mines, and while digging they struck up a corn-shucking sing song tune, and their picks came down in harmony, and as it was a slow tune there was slow work. This did not suit the lively ideas and quick step of their employer, and he told the boss to stop their singing. That night about half of them quit—"wouldn't work for no man what wouldn't let a nigger sing." So he repealed the law and got them back again. Next day they sang a slower tune than ever, and so he hit upon a new plan and said if they must work to music he could fix it all right. So he detailed the best singer in the gang and made him stand on the bluff above them and sing a lively tune. He got the boss to stand near by and beat for them, three beats to the bar, and he tried to get the picks to swing to the same measure, but they wouldn't swing. It was too funny for anything and tickled the darkeys so they couldn't work nor sing for laughing. Then he asked the boss if he couldn't teach them some lively music at night and get them trained to more lively work. Something like

Churn, butter churn,
Putter standing at the gate,
Waiting for the butter cake.
Churn, butter churn,
Throw, shovel, throw,
Dig, pick, dig.

But the boss rebelled and said he wasn't hired to teach a nigger singing school and he'd be dead swamped if he was going to do it. It takes a northern man a year or so to understand a negro. He comes here with a natural sympathy for the race and wants to show them that he is their friend. In about six months he is disgusted with and doesn't want them about him, but in a year or two he finds out the good that is in him, and learns how to use him to advantage. Two years ago a yankee hotel man told me he would not have the dirty, meanful things about him, and so he sent north some white servants, but he has got negroes now and has learned to manage them. Talk about the poor oppressed negro,

Why they are the happiest race upon earth, and there is no sense in trying to make them unhappy. They have more fun, more jokes, more frolics in the camp or in the field, or by the fire-side, or on an excursion, or at the church, than anybody. It does not suit him to fit him to hold office, and he will never hold it in these parts. If their leaders in the Nashville convention want office they will have to migrate to some other country and set up a government. Talk about not getting their share of the school fund. Right here in this town they get ten times their share, according to the taxes they pay. Here is a free school with eighty scholars and it is supported by the white folks. Nine-tenths of the money comes from them. When they want to build a church the white folks are the subscribers—when a house burns down they go around among the white folks for money to rebuild and they get it—when one dies the kinfolks will beg the grave clothes from their kind hearted white friends, and they will have the biggest kind of a wake at the funeral. Here is that big mouth John who drives a delivery wagon worrying me right now to stop my pen and hunt him up a pair of my old pants and a coat, and I'll have it to do, I reckon, to get rid of him. He gets fifteen dollars a month for riding around, and he spends every cent of it in frolicking, and gets his clothes by grinning and begging among his white friends. Here are these able-bodied, happy, greasy, shiny darkeys, who work in the mines and drive the teams, getting their dollar a day and spending it every night. They could save half of it if they would, and get rich. Twenty-fifty cents a day will feed him, and less than that will clothe him. There are a hundred thousand able bodied negroes in Georgia and Alabama earning a dollar a day. If they would save half of it they would accumulate fifteen million dollars a year, and in ten years have one hundred and fifty million dollars. Just think of it. Think what they could do if they would. But then they wouldn't be happy, so let them work and laugh and spend it if they want to. His Uncle Sam is perfectly happy in his simplicity. I respect him. I venerate him. He works for me and is a pure, unadulterated nigger, and is always calm and serene. I wouldn't give him for a hundred of the new sort. Yesterday he was holding a plank for me to saw so as to put another shelf in that flower pit, and I couldn't see the mark very well without my glasses, and the old darkey said: "Dar de mark, dis side; you dun gwine away from it." "Uncle Sam," said I, "how can you see that mark better than I can?" You are fifteen years older than I am. "Never strain my eyes, sir, read 'in' and writin' and looking at dem little things—neber try hard to see anything smaller dan a dime—dat I reckon—de Lord sends some good widd de bad."

What in the world does a Massachusetts man know about the negro? He won't come down and see for himself. They won't send a committee down, but they stay at home and read political lies and brood over them, and take up collections and some of them will actually lay down and die prematurely so as to leave a fortune for their relief and education. One would think that the persecuted darkeys would fly up north at once and take refuge in the arms of their deliverers, but here they are still. The good book says it is more blessed to give than to receive. So let them keep on giving. But the negro says it is more blessed to receive than to give, and so it all works together for good, I reckon, I hope so.

BILL ARP.

Grant, Lee and Their Armies.

It is quite true that by the end of the campaign Grant's doggedness had produced a certain effect upon the Confederate soldiery. All acknowledge it. But what was that effect? Undoubtedly he had begun to realize that, if the North would allow its soldiers to be exposed to such frightful butchery, the North might at that price triumph. But not for one moment did it modify the confidence of the Southern soldiery in their own great leader; and not even at the fatal moment of the surrender at Appomattox did a Southern soldier doubt that his army had been done by Lee. I fancy that if at Cold Harbor the proposal of the Irishman after the battle of the Boyne, "to swap leaders and fight it over again," could have been put to the two armies, there would not have been one hand on the Southern side held up to accept the offer. Would there have been one on the Northern? I fancy few of the Northern generals who knew all the circumstances would like much to put the question of the greatness of the two leaders to any such test. Of course the opinion of the armies is not always a fair one as to the capacity of generals. It is, however, a very important element in the actual power and effectiveness of a general in command. In this instance the opinion of the hour has been confirmed by the careful and critical examination of many able soldiers—Lord Wolseley, in *North American Review*.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,

Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. VanHornen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Thomas A. Edison, has made a contract to furnish Mexico's postoffice with phonographs to be used for the transmission of messages. As a large portion of the Mexican population can neither read nor write, the innovation will prove a Godsend.

COTTON SEED MEAL.

As a Food for Cattle it has no Equal.

It is desired to call attention to some of the practical as well as scientific features connected with the hulls and meal as a stock food. The practice is not a new one, except in the sense that the whole cotton seed oil industry is recent, and hence none of its outgrowths can have been long established. Probably the first attempts at systematically feeding an exclusive ration of hulls and meal on a large scale have been made within four or five years. These cases have been local, confined to the vicinities of the oil manufacturing centers like New Orleans, Memphis, Houston, Little Rock, Raleigh and Atlanta, and hence have not attracted general attention.

Up to the present time nothing like an economical utilization of the cotton seed hulls has been attempted, the common practice having been to burn them under the mill boilers as a cheap means of disposal, and even the valuable ashes thus produced have been largely exported to other parts of the country. As an absorbent for bedding stock they are found to undergo rapid decay, giving off perceptible quantities of ammonia, and hence are not regarded with favor by those who have tried them in this way.

The process of separating the kernels of the cotton seed from the hulls, in the oil mills, consists essentially in crushing and cutting the seeds and dividing the two portions by a system of screens and shakers. At first sight it would seem to be a physical impossibility for an animal to consume any appreciable quantity of the hulls thus produced. They consist of fragments of seed coats one sixteenth to one fourth inch in diameter, of dark brown color, very tough and leathery and entangled in a mass of cotton fibers, which still adhere to the outside of the hulls and which the ginning process fails to entirely remove. It is apparently the most dry and tasteless form of animal food which could be found. It is a matter of difficulty to reduce it to anything like a suitable form for analysis. In the mortar it forms an elastic felt, while it is scarcely amenable to any grinding process. Taken into the mouth it is harsh and dry. Mastication promotes an abundant secretion of saliva as would be only natural with any similar material. It has very little taste and apparently due to the small particles of the kernel remaining with the hulls. Altogether they possess apparently few inviting features as a food. In spite of this, it is said that animals which have never seen the hulls or meal before, soon acquire an eager appetite for them, and after a few days prefer such a diet to one composed of hay and corn. Probably this is due to the meal rather than the hulls which, as already noted, are well liked.

From the large amount of fibre on the hulls the danger of baling up or producing stoppages of the bowels might be anticipated. But we have been unable to learn of a single case, nor is there even a tendency toward constipation. On the contrary, the effect upon the bowels is loosening, which, with an excess of meal, may develop into "scouring." This is the well known result of excessive feeding of cotton seed meal in connection with other materials. The hulls and meal being particularly adapted therefore to be used together, the effects of each counteracting the other.

All ages and conditions of cattle have been fed with success. Naturally the same general principles which apply in other methods of feeding hold good here. Poor, scrubby animals, too young or too old, and in bad condition, are unprofitable under any system. Two and a half to four years is the best age, according to some authorities; in Houston, Texas, steers from four to six years old were most profitable. Steers are preferred to heifers. The best season is winter; summer feeding has been found unprofitable. The feeding should last three or four months, and the animals disposed of as soon as they have reached a stand-still in the increase of weight. It has been noted that, if carried beyond this point, half-fed cattle are liable to degenerate, especially on the approach of warm weather. An average steer should receive at the beginning three or four pounds of meal daily, gradually increasing to six pounds. After six weeks the feed may be increased to eight or ten pounds. During the whole time as many hulls should be given as the animal will eat, but no more. Stress is laid upon these two points, viz: The feeding should be done with regularity and system, and no excess of food should be allowed to accumulate in the troughs, since the hulls, especially when wet by the "slobbering" of the cattle, quickly becomes sour and offensive.

The ration mentioned above is that fed at Memphis, and costs nine to nine and one half cents daily per animal. At Raleigh, N. C., for steers of 700 pounds weight, the ration was four or five pounds of meal and twenty pounds of hulls, and costs seven cents daily per animal. At Houston, Texas, seven pounds of meal and twenty pounds of hulls were fed daily at a cost of six to nine cents. Beef, produced in this way, is said to be of unusually fine quality. At least it has no objectionable features. The lean portion is bright in color; the fat white and brittle. The butchers complain that animals fattened in this way have an excess of kidney fat. It is also claimed that such animals shrink less in live-weight in shipping than others. A steer weighing 1,300 pounds gross yielded 360 pounds net.

In the local dairies in the vicinity of Memphis, Tennessee, cotton seed hulls have been fed as a substitute for hay for twelve or fifteen years, and so thoroughly has the practice become established by reason of its success, convenience and cheapness, that the dairymen would be at a loss if deprived of the hulls. In the New Orleans dairies the use of hulls is universal, and the demand so great at times that hulls, for feeding purposes, have been shipped thence from Memphis.

Cows soon learn to prefer the hulls to hay. The ration fed is subject to more variation than in the fattening pens. An exclusive diet of hulls and meal is less commonly fed. Hulls, wheat bran and corn meal are often fed. The ration in a

leading Memphis dairy is two or three pecks of hulls, four quarts of wheat bran and two quarts of corn meal daily. In these and in other rations the hulls are regarded as supplying the "roughness," i. e., the coarse part of the food. In this respect they are cheaper than hay, costing only one-third to one-half as much per ton, last as long and are far more convenient to handle, feed and mix. The milk and butter obtained from hull feeding are considered free from all objectionable qualities. As regards the amounts produced in comparison with other methods of feeding, there are no records; but the fact that the hulls have established themselves so thoroughly in common practice speaks well for their efficiency. It is believed that an excess of cotton seed meal fed to cows in calf, induces abortion. This idea is also current in other localities where cotton seed meal is fed and the hulls have never been seen, and apparently cannot be ascribed to the latter. Cows are maintained in good condition on the hull diet. In one case, where only hulls and cotton seed meal were fed, it was found that the tendency to put on fat was prejudicial to the production of milk. In conclusion, we have found absolutely no reason why the cotton seed hulls may not be substituted for hay as dairy feeding with entire safety and success.

At Raleigh, N. C., a few sheep were fed upon hulls and cotton seed meal exclusively, and though originally very inferior animals, became "fine muttons," and the trial was considered an entire success. Also at Houston, Texas, good results are reported from feeding sheep on this way.

From the result of our inquiries given above the feeding of cotton seed hulls to fattening and dairy animals would seem to be a successful practice. As to how far it may be extended is a question to be determined by the supply of hulls, prices asked and cost of transportation. Strong recommendations in their favor are the ease and convenience of handling, their freedom from dust and the coarse, insubstantial and sometimes harmful materials in hay, and their apparent healthfulness and good effects upon the animal.

Cotton seed hulls cost in Memphis from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ton. An ordinary box car contains about ten tons, or if baled, twenty tons, but in this case they are liable to damage by heating, and shipment loose or in sacks is recommended. They also heat quickly when wet, even in the loose condition. The present supply is large in most of the oil manufacturing centers, for the large proportion being burned under the boilers as a means of disposal.—W. E. Stone, Texas University Station.

The Smokeless Powder.

The *Mittlerische Zeitung* publishes an article pointing out many disadvantages which will attend the use of the new smokeless powder, which was tried at the recent review at Spandau. The duties of the guard and the patrol will be made immeasurably more difficult by the absence of the smoke and noise, which, in case of the employment of ordinary powder, attracted their attention to, and pointed out the position of the enemy.

On the other hand, it will render capital service to the franc-tireurs, whose object it is to escape from and confuse the guard. Sudden attacks and surprises will become matters of such daily occurrence that outposts and patrols will have to be immensely strengthened and kept at the utmost tension of watchfulness. Firing, drill and discipline must necessarily be made much stricter than at present. The most important fault of the smokeless powder is, however, the terrible clearness, the overwhelming distinctness with which, when it is used in battle, every man will be able to see the carriage and slaughter around him. Hitherto the heavy roll of the firing has mercifully smothered the cries and shrieks of the wounded; the cloud of smoke has veiled the horrible sight of men piled in heaps, dying and dead, their dreadful sufferings, their agonized cries. Each man, fighting behind a thick fog of smoke, which was only wafted aside now and then by a gust of wind, or lighted by a pause in the firing, felt a certain sense of screened security, mistaking, indeed, but none the less real, until he himself was struck by the fatal bullet. How will it be in the future? The fall of each man who is shot down will be clearly seen by his comrades; every cry of anguish will be heard by half the company; the least hesitation, the least vacillation which, through the rapid change of commander to a death or a severe wound often rendered necessary, will be immediately observed by the men and rob them of that feeling of perfect confidence they ought to have in their officers.—London Globe.

Instinct of Hounds.

A correspondent in the *London Farmer* writes as follows: "A deer which had been chased by two hounds for several miles was shot, after taking to water, by one of a party of sportsmen. By and by the owner of the hounds came up, and both claimed the deer. One was sure it was started by his dog, and the other was sure it was started by his. The question was decided in this way: 'Send those hounds here,' said an old hunter, 'and let us see whose deer this is.' One of the animals walked to the deer, smelt him all over, and seemed in doubt. Then the other dog came up with an angry growl, smelt the deer, and deliberately laid himself down by it, while the first dog quietly placed his tail between his legs and walked away. 'I could not help expressing my amazement,' the correspondent says, 'and still doubting the fact, I said to my old guide, 'That dog that is lying by the deer has been the master of the other, and has cowed him.' 'On the contrary,' said my informant, 'the dog that gave up the deer is the better fighter, and whips that dog every time.' We learned during the day that the deer had been started ten miles down the river by the dog that claimed it, and the sound of his voice drew the other deer, about four miles below the lake, confirming the test, and proving the wonderful instinct of the hound."

A million cigarettes are smoked in London every day.

MEMORIES OF CALHOUN.

A Young Abolitionist Who Thought (th. South Carolinian a Devil but Learned to Love Him.

Oliver Dyer was the official reporter of the United States Senate in 1849; and recently, he has written a book, published by Robert Bonner's Sons, entitled "Great Senators of the United States." In this book Mr. Dyer gives many new facts and readable stories concerning such "giants in those days" as Calhoun, Benton, Clay, Webster, General Houston and Jefferson Davis.

The author devotes considerable space to the reminiscences of John C. Calhoun. Mr. Dyer was an Abolitionist, and when he went to Washington to accept his position as reporter of the Senate, he had, as he frankly confesses, such a hatred of and violent prejudice against Mr. Calhoun, "As Southern men, who hated Abolitionists with equal violence, felt toward William Lloyd Garrison."

The impression at first made upon the young stenographer by the great Southern Senator was even more exaggerated than we in this day of mild opinions with "unbanned tints" of thoughts, can imagine later; and yet Mr. Dyer's conversion to Calhoun if not to Calhounism, is compensation for his first violent conception. He says:

I was naturally eager to get a sight of the great South Carolinian, and when he came to me, in the Senate Chamber, I gave him a searching scrutiny. His appearance satisfied me completely. He seemed to be a perfect image and embodiment of the devil. Had I come across his likeness in a copy of Milton's Paradise Lost, I should at once have accepted it as a picture of Satan, and as a master piece of some great artist who had peculiar genius for Satanic portraiture. He was tall and gaunt. His complexion was dark and Indian-like, and there seemed to be an inner complexion of a dark soul shining through the skin of the face. His eyes were large, black, piercing, scintillating. His hair was iron gray, and rising nearly straight from his scalp, fell over on all sides, and hung down in thick masses like a lion's mane. His features were strongly marked, and his expression was firm, stern, aggressive and threatening.

Mr. Dyer's frankness in this regard is not surpassed by his subsequent and equally frank confession of conversion. The power of Mr. Calhoun in the forum, his mastery over men, his greatness as a polemic speaker, his power of sincerity, are seen in what Mr. Dyer says after having heard the great South Carolinian speak. He says:

"I was much impressed by the clearness of Calhoun's views by the bell-like sweetness and resonance of his voice, the elegance of his demeanor. Such a combination of attractive qualities was a revelation to me, and I spontaneously wished that Calhoun was an Abolitionist, so we could have him talk on our side.

"At the beginning of the contest my feelings were against Calhoun and I wanted him to be worsted; but at the close, although I was opposed to the principal which he advocated, my personal feelings were in his favor, and his physiognomy seemed to have undergone a change. Instead of looking like a devil, he impressed me as a high-toned, elegant gentleman, with a brilliant intellect, a sweet disposition, a sound heart, and a conscientious devotion to what he believed to be right."

That the author should have come to esteem Mr. Calhoun personally highly after such admissions as those quoted, will not surprise any one; but all will be interested in reading Mr. Dyer's careful summary of the character of the great Nullifier as he saw him daily in the most active field of his great intellect:

"He was by all odds the most fascinating man in private intercourse that I ever met. His conversational powers were marvelous. His voice was clear, sweet and mellow, with a musical, metallic ring in it which gave it strength without diminishing its sweetness. His pronunciation of a pronunciation was perfect. His manner was simple and unpretending.

"Calhoun's kindness of heart was inexhaustible. He impressed me as being deeply but unobtrusively religious, and was so morally calm and spiritually pure that it was a pleasure to have one's soul get close to his soul—a feeling that I never had for any other man." He adds: "I admired Benton; I admired Clay still more; I admired Webster, on the intellectual side, most of all, but I loved Calhoun; and as I came to know